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JANUARY, 1899.

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LEAVITT'S FARMER'S ALMANAC FOR 1899. Published by Edson C. Eastman, Concord, N. H. More than a century has already past since Dudley Leavitt sent out the first copy of his now indispensable Almanac. It has become a household companion, an oracle for consultation by those who travel by land or sea, or by those who remain quietly in their own homes.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS AT HAND by C. W. Woodbridge, M. D. The book is published in the interest of the Co-operative Commonwealth, and as it is very interesting and instructive a great many persons will take pleasure in reading it. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co. 36 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

UNCLE IKE'S IDEAS by George McA. Miller. This is in the interest of the Co-operative Commonwealth but the author has taken the happy view of writing his little book of sixty pages in verse. Uncle Ike reads the Bible and so does Parson Toady, but they do not see eye to eye in regard to it. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co. Chicago, Ill.

Annual Almanac and monthly paper, WORD AND WORKS, are now known from sea to sea. We are pleased to call the attention of our readers to the Almanac for 1899, now ready. It is a splendidly printed and illustrated book of 116 pages and the storm forecasts and diagrams and astronomical and scientific matter are superior to anything that has ever been seen before in a 25 cent book. His monthly journal, WORD AND WORKS, is one of the best literary, home and scientific magazines in the country, besides containing his monthly storm forecasts with explanations. The subscription price of WORD AND WORKS is \$1 per year and a copy of the Hicks Almanac is sent as a premium to every yearly subscriber. Single copies of WORD AND WORKS, 10 cents. Price of Almanac alone, 25 cents. Send your order

to WORD AND WORKS Pub. Co., 2201 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.

The complete story of the sinking of the *Merrimac* and the capture and imprisonment of her crew at Santiago, will be graphically told in an article by Osborn W. Deignan, U. S. Navy, late helmsman of the *Merrimac*, in the January FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, now ten cents, and to be published December 24th. The story will be fully and richly illustrated with authentic portraits of Hobson and all the crew, besides many new drawings specially prepared under Mr. Deignan's personal supervision. Other features promised for the January FRANK LESLIE'S are: Bret Harte's new story Jack Hamlin's Meditation; Joaquin Miller's In a Klondike Cabin; and Thomas R. Dawley's Campaigning with GOMEZ.

Mrs. Ballington Booth, of "The American Volunteers," is writing out her experiences in American prisons, and in the slums of New York, for *The Ladies' Home Journal*. Mrs. Booth has perhaps come closer to the lives and confidences of the men and women in prisons, and to know the poor better, than any woman living. She will not only tell what she has seen, but she will point out what her experience has shown her to be the most effective way in dealing with the people of the prisons and the slums.

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THE
MANIFESTO.

PUBLISHED BY THE UNITED SOCIETIES.

VOL. XXIX.

"I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts."—Heb. viii., 10

EAST CANTERBURY, N. H.,

1899.

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The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

Vol. XXIX.

JANUARY, 1899.

No. 1.

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N. H., as Second-Class Matter.

A NEW BOOK.

By Jessie Evans.

WEARY of the blotted page, the frequent mistakes, the unsatisfactory penmanship and the war of words over irksome subjects, the child in the schoolroom hurries to pen the last word on the last line of the closing page, and with a sigh of relief turns to the teacher that he may receive the promised "new book." How lovingly he fondles it, how especially attractive seem the clean pages in contrast with the soiled ones so willingly hidden from view, and how restfully he settles his little mechanism of brain and body to transcribe upon the first page something—"just perfect—my very best, teacher!"

Just so, methinks, it is with us in this larger schoolroom of ours. The volumes of our life are handed to us one by one by the great Guide of human destinies, and whether we approach our daily lessons cheerfully or reluctantly, write we must—just so much each day. If the human side revolts in its submission, there is an invisible current within that, tho involuntarily, throbs to the inexorable will of the great Law-giver. So, as the moments slip by, their record glides into place; as thoughts rush through the mind, each registers itself upon the unerring bathometer; tho words take wing, their vibrations touch the life page as they pass and the key-note records its true or false ring; each heart throb takes up a little space in this strange volume—thus our history files itself away where the "angel of the years" stands guard.

We have all been at these varied tasks from day to day, the once spotless leaves of the 1898 issue are spotless no longer. Strange events, unlookt-for pleasures, weary trials, sincere resolutions quickly formed and as quickly broken, conclusions unwillingly accepted yet nobly maintained, hopes and fears whose birth and death write themselves side by side, sunshine and long shadows, have crowded into our book linking themselves into language best translated by each author.

We are writing our last line, but like the child we can not resist the impulse to turn to the first page whereon we put "our very best." God knows we meant to carry those firm lines all through the book, the heavenly Teacher understands how disappointed we now feel that the blots are so many, the curves so irrelevant as to make us wish to hide it away. But "like as a father pitieth his children, "so the divine Parentage is moved with compassion at our waywardness and weakness now so noticeable as we trace it from page to page, and the New Year book with its stainless pages slips into our eager grasp as a balm and benediction.

God's school is beautifully graded, tho, no class work here to force or retard individual development. Instead of many pupils under one teacher, here are rather many teachers molding the character of each pupil. The lessons presented to us for study or recitation are nicely adapted to our needs and abilities. If we found the lessons so recently mastered difficult, the future work will demand greater effort. We can not look forward with certainty to the future, "we know not what is folded there, we know not whether joy or agony, whether life or death is writ within the fearful scroll—but 'tis enough to know the gift is God's."

The old book is an excellent landmark. Like the little one let us put the finish volume out of sight with all its defects for a while, while we pass on buoyed with profitable repentance in the guise of new-born courage and aspiration to engage our minds with the new themes which God has already assigned to each one. Then "some sweet day by and by" when the vital glorious issues of our consecrated life are inscribing themselves in unbroken rhythm upon the unblotted page, we will turn again to the unsightly work of the past and amid our tears of sad remembrance praise God for the New Years that rise so mercifully from the ashes of the old.

As a loving greeting to the New Year of 1899, let us say with William H. Channing;—

"To bear all cheerfully, do all bravely,
Await occasions, never hurry,—
In a word to let the spiritual life
Grow up, through, and above the common,—
This is to be my symphony of life."

East Canterbury, N. H.

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THE MANIFESTO.

5

PEACE.

By Hamilton DeGraw.

"ANGEL of peace thy white wings o'er shadow us,
Thy hand scatters blessings around,
Thy power hath stilled the whispers of strife,
And thy chain in its golden links bound us."

WHEN General Sherman was requested to describe war he replied, "War is hell." "Oh Consistency thou art a jewel," but if we have it not in possession how can we estimate its value? The assertion is made, and it can not be successfully contradicted, that there is not a Christian nation on this earth acting in its official capacity. Here are some of the proofs.

In time of apparent peace there are in Europe three million armed men, ready at a moment's signal to commence the horrid din of war, maintained at the yearly expense of a billion dollars. When such an eminent statesman as Gladstone expresses his views on this subject and points to the shoals on which the nations are drifting as the result of these expensive armaments, there must be occasions for thoughtful consideration as to the result.

There are individuals among all nations who understand and obey the teaching of Christ when he said, "Put up thy sword, for all they that take the sword, shall perish by the sword." That is the condition of our modern civilization. It is perishing; the result of fostering the war spirit represented by her mighty armies and formidable navies, and profession of peace has become a hollow mockery, an insult upon the name of civilization; and the maintaining of the armed truce is in many respects not any better than open hostilities.

The chip which the pugnacious boy places on his shoulder accompanied with the challenge that whoever molests it will get a whipping, illustrates the condition of so-called Christian nations. They stand to-day as instructors in the art of modern warfare. The skill of her inventors is exercised in devising more effective weapons of destruction. But the wrath of man will be made to redound to the glory of that time of which only a few have caught a faint glimpse. General Grant voiced it when he said, "Let us have peace."

There is a growing sentiment which favors the settlement of misunderstandings between nations by arbitration rather than the sword. The desire for peace is gaining a foot-hold and its influence is being felt, but the factor which has been largely instrumental in bringing about the result is the awful destructive power of the modern engine of war. The intelligence of man has, by perfecting those forces placed a check upon them. The race is not yet ready to plead guilty to the inditement of being fools; both sides are becoming anxious and are calling quit. Let us hope that the limit of those destructive forces has been reached; certainly before the great nations of the earth have been roused and a conflict precipitated, the result of which would be awful to contemplate.

Commencing the forepart of the present century and continuing to the present, an active interest has been taken to Christianize the Asiatic nations of China and Japan, and to-day Japan has taken her place in the ranks of the modern nations. She has a well-organized army and a navy of modern war vessels, well-equipped with the most perfect implements known for destroying her foes. Remember she has taken these lessons from those nations professing to be followers of the Prince of Peace,—believers in the Christ of the new dispensation. While not as one who is hopeless of better conditions believing that the war demon will forever be the curse of life, resting like an incubus upon human energies, turning the current of life downward; but that in the good time coming nations will learn war no more and their strength will be used for the upbuilding of the structure.

Everyone who loves peace and is anxious to see its principles become a permanent factor in human society must be saddened when he realizes how little an incident will stir the war spirit, even with the results so apparent which will follow in its wake. Europe to-day is over a volcano, ready at any moment to burst forth in a continental war. Longfellow in the poem, "The Arsenal at Springfield," asks;

"Is it O man with such discordant noises
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?"

Rev. C. A. Dickinson spoke words of truth when he said, "The only thing which will settle the turmoils and wars which agitate the world to-day is a proper respect for one another."

When the divine Master prayed that his disciples might not be taken out of the world, but be saved from its sins as they had a mission to perform in presenting to the world a better way; its appropriateness to the present time is apparent, especially to our own Church. The testimony that Believers have held forth has been, first pure, then peaceable. The causes producing war are in their primary origin the results of the violation of the law of divine purity. If any one doubts these statements or thinks them over-drawn, let him peruse the criminal records of our newspapers and he will be convinced. The prayer that can with propriety be offered by all who have been shown a better way is that the temple of life may be cleansed from its unrighteousness, and then will be heard the beautiful benediction pronounced by our Lord,—*"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."*

"Down the dark future through long generations,
The echoing sounds of war grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations
I hear once more the voice of Christ say peace.
Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise."

Shakers, N. Y.

THE MANIFESTO.

7

LAY DOWN THY LIFE.

By Frederic M'Keechie.

LAY down thy life, if thou wouldst live!
I heard a heaven-angel cry,
Lay down thy life! and they shall give,
God's holy ones who dwell on high,
The life that nevermore shall die.
Lay down thy life! with all the lust
To have, to hold, to fight, to win;
And for thou wilt, not for thou must,
Put far away each darling sin,
And let the power of God come in.
Lay down thy life! small is the loss,
But large the prize and great the gain;
Thou carriest but a passing cross;
And bearest but a little pain,
For joys that wax and never wane.
Lay down thy life! they call for thee;
The valiant souls who steadfast stood;
Shake off thy fetters and be free,
They say, who faced the fire and flood,
And gave ungrudged their heart's best blood.
Oh heed, my soul, and let the world,
The foolish world, drive blindly on,
No longer in its eddies whirled,
On with thine armor, and be gone!
A kingdom waiteth to be won.
Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

DAYS OF YORE.

By Oliver C. Hampton.

IN the long ago, when we used to have our good and pleasant Union Meetings, Brother R. W. Pelham and I were sitting one evening in one of them, near a table, on which lay a slate. I wrote on it the following couplet and handed the slate to him, viz.

*"How fondly clings the mind,
To days and scenes of yore,"*

He replied under them,———*"But we must leave these scenes behind
And press to scenes before."*

O. C. H.———*"But what if they were sweet,
And pleasant to the mind?"*

R. W. P.———*"Yet their results they did complete,
And must be left behind."*

And so we went on for some time, each saying the best he could for his own side. Since that ancient time I have come to think he was not far wrong in his sentiments on the subject. Altho there is no harm in the memory of good that has past, yet it is well to depend upon the good of the present, and the hopes of the future, for our peace and consolation. But to learn this is a great and almost invaluable attainment. What we want to gain, is a complete dominance over our environment, so that no vicissitude of the present, can interfere with, or destroy our peace of mind. Let us suppose we were there now. What then? Why it would make no difference how much vituperation might be uttered against us either truly or falsely;—our tranquillity would not be interrupted at all by any amount of it. All the ordinary vexations and annoyances (and they are legion, to the undisciplined mind,) of this present existence, would flee away forever and leave us in the possession of invulnerable tranquillity. Suppose we had arrived at the condition of mind and spirit, that Jesus declared himself to be in when he said, "I and my Father are one!" This must be possible, for our Savior said,—“Verily verily I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do, shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do.”—John xiv., 12.

Now we know that the Father is ever tranquil in mind and can not be annoyed or affected with pain, sickness or sorrow. So from this promise we ought to be thoroughly convinced, that this tranquil condition is possible for us; not only the spiritual perfection, but thaumaturgic element of power, by which he healed all sickness and even raised the dead. This is a most glorious promise set before us and can we do better than to travel into it as soon as possible and really come into the possession of the peace that is in Jesus the Christ? If we shall be so happy as to gain it, then how soon will all the little contemptible silly annoyances of this life, (and all future existence) flee to “the uttermost parts of Egypt,” never more to return.

O let us as one, direct all our efforts and energies to that one point: that is, let us learn to be one with the Father and try to feel just as he does in every vicissitude. I read an article in a little book of religious precepts and admonitions, one chapter of which was headed “God’s Chariots.” The author called all trials, great and small, and all sufferings so many of God’s golden chariots, for our safe and pleasant conveyance away from all sorrow and suffering. And that if we would only get up into them and ride with him, (that is become positive to, and dominate and reign over them,) we should soon dissipate all the sting of their character and feel the same as the Father did toward them.

This was setting forth the virtue of resignation in a new and interesting light and since that, I have tried it, and find it a very comfortable policy to pursue under all circumstances. Once more;—if we will take a little trouble to daily retire into the recesses of our Divine Inmost, (where Jesus

located the kingdom of heaven,) and there concentrate our minds upon the counsels there to be communicated from the Infinite fountain, we may at least seal our peace and tranquility for that day. And our Savior said it was best to take one day at a time.

Union Village, Ohio.

[The following article was sent to us, by a dear friend, from the far away city of Los Angeles, Cal. but the writer comes only the distance of five miles, from the Village of Loudon. We publish it in part. Ed.]

A VISIT TO EAST CANTERBURY, N. H.

THE writer, a poor, sick old Boston musician, whose health has greatly suffered by years of battling with the inconsistent freakiness of the elements, and his purse equally so by speculating in, that is to say, in buying and disposing of many and various medical compounds termed "sure cures," has been summering in the little town of Loudon, N. H., just three miles from the Shakers, at Canterbury. May I hope to entertain a few of the readers of these columns with a brief description of trips numbers 1 and 2 with a small party to Shakerdom? Now here, as did we, is what the visitor must do. After hitching your pony, go direct to the trustees' office. After registering you will probably be met by Brother Arthur Bruce, who is one of the trustees, a kind and courteous gentleman, and, as well, a musician. But do not be surprised should you find him dressed, not as your mind had previously pictured all Shakers, in broad-brimmed hat, stiff neckwear, high straight-cut vest, long gray coat and homespun trousers. Oh, no! the younger Shakers do not dress so now; nor do they wear their hair banged in front and long behind; but on the contrary, they just dress as they please, like us world's people. Brother Bruce will kindly procure for your party a guide, who is, I think, always a Sister; who may be a typical Shakeress, sedate and prim, but always the courteous lady. Or it may be a Sister younger in years, intelligent and sprightly, but in any and all cases the Sisters will be found to be kind and faithful guides.

Our visit No. 1 was what is usually termed a flying one, we having no definite aim. Upon this visit we were taken in charge by Eldress Eliza Stratton, a beautiful woman, rather on the shady side of life, but whose sweet face was plainly indicative of purity and love, and whose soft speech was golden. A grand and noble lady, and patiently and faithfully she performed her duty. Visit No. 2 was more of a business one. Now I could tell of lots of things that we saw, but space in these columns is valuable, as is time to the reader. Moreover, Shakerism is old and its origin dates far back, to France in 1689. To the time of Ann Lee, born 1736 in England, and died in America in 1784; to the time of the first community in America, at New Lebanon, N. Y., 1787, and to the time of the Canterbury, N. H. Community formed in 1792, Shakerism has been much talked and written about by able minds. I could have much to tell of the great barn, length 250 feet; of the forty splendid cows that give forth sixty to sixty-five gallons of milk daily; of numerous—as the ladies remark—darling little bossies; of the three silos, capacity of each one hundred tons. Of the neat and tidy creamery and dairy, with its tiny cream separator, its churn and its butter worker, all run by steam-power. At this point I would remark that every known labor-saving device is in use in the various working departments.

I could tell of the lovely opera cloaks made by the Sisters. It does look strange

in print. Shakers and opera—but there are many of them that would—mind I only think this—enjoy a fine opera. Of the knitting room, where are made—much Australian wool being used—sweaters of the finest, also golf and bicycle stockings.

Of the laundry, with all the latest improvements. Of the printing office where are many presses, both of ancient and modern construction, and where are printed their paper, their magazine and many pamphlets, and even their church music is set up and printed here, the Sisters doing the work. Of the kitchen work, its patent ovens for baking bread, pies, etc. Oh yes! they eat pies, but not pork apple pie. Of the immense stove, in the oven of which could be stowed away a ten-year-old boy. And such nice bread as they make! We bought some. Of the dining-hall, where one could literally eat from off the floor. We know that Shaker neatness is proverbial. I could tell of the bright, sunny and cosy little schoolroom and its blackboard sketches in colored chalk, one being our ill-fated ship *Maine*. Of the sewing and music rooms, where were seen many bits of landscape and flower pieces in oil, the handiwork of the Sisters.

Here we come to the crowning feature of our visit. At our special request we were kindly permitted to enjoy the excellent singing by the so highly praised quartet of Sisters, who kindly sang three admirable and pleasing selections. To illustrate their musicianly qualities, I would say that one piece was a beautiful and intricate arrangement by the Sisters themselves. Being a musician, I would, space permitting, like to dwell longer upon this subject, but will close it by saying that one would have to travel far and wide in order to hear better singing than that which afforded our party so much delight, and which was so beautifully and tunelessly rendered as a quartet by Sisters Sarle, Fish, Wilson and Evans, and as a quintet with the addition of Brother Arthur Bruce's admirable baritone voice. Thus ended our visit to the Shakers, and all agreed to the fact that it was an instructive and a most enjoyable one.

Before parting we were cordially invited to call again. Much has been said and written of these quiet people that is unfair, unjust, and, as well, untrue; still, they plod along in their inoffensive way and say nothing. It is true that in many ways they are peculiar, but not more so than those of various other sects. I would ask, how many of their faith are to be found in our penal or pauper institutions?

For all moneys received from the world's people they return a fair equivalent. The rules which govern them are not so inconsistent as many may imagine. Neatness, tidiness and perfect system are forcibly evident at every turn one makes. Now the question is often asked, "What if all the world were Shakers?" Well, all the world are not Shakers, nor ever will be. Yet when we read of the misery, vice and crime, all of which are so common with the world's people in densely populated places, one might be led to think that it would be well if at least one-half of the world could be Shakers.

DUTY faithfully performed opens the mind to truth, said Dr. Channing. There is nothing which may not be attained by repeated effort and continued and diligent application. Attempt nothing until you have first counted the cost, then having decided, bend every energy to accomplish your purpose, set heart, mind and every fibre of your being in vibration to respond to the call of duty. Then will the mind be opened to truth—Truth which is an emanation from the God-head itself. The end crowns the work, and "the truth shall make you free."—*Selected.*

THE MANIFESTO.

JANUARY, 1899.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is published by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

Address all communications to
HENRY C. BLINN,
East Canterbury,
Mer. Co., N. H.

TERMS.

One copy one year, postage paid. .50

A cross in the margin will show that your subscription has closed.

REMITTANCES for subscription by Money Order should be on the Post Office at Concord, N. H.

NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

November.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

	Thermometer.	Rain.	Snow.
1897.	38.13	7.25	8 in.
1898.	39.07	3.125	11 "
Highest Temp. during this mo.	60 above 0.		
Lowest	" "	" "	18 "
Number of rainy days	" "	6	
" " snowy	" "	3	
" " clear	" "	8	
" " cloudy	" "	13	

Dec. 1898.

The wheel of time pursues its annual round,
Revolving seasons in their order placed,
By the Omniscient Ruler of all worlds
And systems infinite; and gave to each
Its periodic revolution, so
Wisely planned, that ne'er a clash occurs in

All the circling universe of globes. To earth,
First came florescent Spring with life replete,
Unfolding beauteous germs of flowers and
fruit

Prophetic of perfected sheaves of golden grain
And luscious fruit on plants and bending
boughs.

Next came the glorious, glad some Summer
Enlivened by the sun's effulgent rays;
Crowning the teeming earth with harvest field,
And gardens robed with plants and fruits
To recompense the faithful laborer's toil.
Next came fair Autumn with perfected stores
Of earth's abundant produce, ready to
Be safely stored for our support, through all
The dreary, cold, inclement winter hours.
Yet Winter has its rightful place in the
Great wheel of time's unceasing revolution;
Giving rest for Earth's recuperation.
Thus every season acts a part in the
Grand circuit of each perfected year,
Declaring thus the wisdom, power and skill
Of the great Architect Omnipotent.

When the wheel of Time has made twenty-seven more revolutions we can bid adieu to the year 1898 with its visitations of storms, cyclones, tornadoes, volcanoes, typhoons, electrical disturbances, floods and destruction of lives and property on land and water. Seldom does a year contain such an amount and variety of sad catastrophies as the year 1898 chronicles. In ages past, when superstition over-awed the human mind, calamities great or small were held to be dispensations of chastisement direct from the hand of God as a special punishment for obdurate, sinful humanity. Why these dispensations had no respect for persons but swept all, both good and bad, into the great malevolent abyss of destruction, was a problem they could not solve. Progress has made people wiser and more scientific.

1898 is indelibly stamped upon the memory of millions of earth's inhabitants. Who can fail to give thanks that escaped these terrible convulsions?

We have a State Road in line of construction, that is intended to make our transit over the Berkshire Hills easier than in the past. The road is not where we would like it nor where we would have it. Much of the travel will be out of the village, especially the rougher characters. So far, so good. An improvement is in

anticipation in our cemetery by placing honorable head-stones to the graves. The multitudes have past from earth to the Spirit world the present year, yet in our ranks we have no deaths to record.

Calvin G. Reed.

South Family.

Dec. 1898.

THE last days of the Old Year are fast approaching and soon we must say our hurried good-byes and pass on to welcome the New Year with its blizzards and showers, its sunshine and flowers. Oft-times with a flood or a drouth, but we'll welcome it here the happy New Year that smiles on the north and the south.

The first snow-storm of the season came this way Thanksgiving morning like a silent benediction, frequent showers of snow have fallen since and many merry sleighing parties have improved the snowy opportunity for making "music in the air." The skaters too have gone on their wintry travels around the ponds spending many mirthful hours in the healthful pastime, thus each rising son becomes a Knight of the Skate and the ice.

We are busy indoors repairing and preparing for the spring-time, for "old things must pass away and all things must become new." We've no time to lose, for we must work while it is day and faithful be to watch and pray.

Representatives from the Granite State have added much to the brightness of the fall. Nov. 15th Eldress Emeline Hart of East Canterbury and Eldress Rosetta Cummings of Enfield honored us with their presence for a few hours. Our doors will ever stand ajar for their return when the good time comes.

Genevieve DeGraw.

Shakers, N. Y.

Dec. 1898.

THE year has transmitted to the Accountant of Time a record of its transactions. We hope and trust that in the

compilation of the balance-sheet, the credit side will have the supremacy; and that the weary and burdened hearts oppress by the antagonistic forces of life have had those blessed angels, hope and courage, enter into the innermost chambers of their soul as loving companions to cause their despondent lives to renew their strength and purpose to grapple with the questions and problems of the coming time which will demand a solution, with earnestness and strength.

While the principle of peace, and the arbitration of all disputed questions is the highest and most civilized method of dealing with the affairs of life both at home and abroad, we have seen our beloved country employed as the instrument of higher intelligencies to overthrow the adverse conditions that have existed for centuries and proclaim religious and political freedom to those who were in bondage.

As Believers in the higher law of peace on earth and good-will unto all of the human family; giving our earnest prayer and labor for its blessed consummation, we can endorse the results that have been accomplished while deploring the necessity for the arbitrament of war as an instrument used in its consummation, tho recognizing the fact that the seed which nations as well as individual entities have sown must have a harvest-time. Father James Whittaker once remarkt "that the time would come when all wrongs would be righted," and tho the mills of God grind slowly they grind exceeding small.

As we are entering upon the burdens and pleasures of the New Year we wish all of our friends and enemies too, (if it is admissible to recognize the fact of such an existence) a happy and prosperous year.

May its close witness the successful advance of human thought and life one step farther toward the desired result, the universal unity of all races in the bonds of a permanent fellowship and an abiding peace.

Hamilton DeGraw.

West Pittsfield, Mass.

Dec. 1898.

WHEN this message shall have reached the members of our Home Circle another year will have opened to us. O that we might pause on its threshold to cast a glance backward at the pathway along which the old year has led us, and forward, into the way which stretches before us—the new.

But nay! the pendulum ceases not its endless swinging as each moment passes; nor does the sun pause in its constant journey, all nature pushes onward, and we must join the moving throng.

Let "onward" be our motto, throughout the New Year. Even as we journey we extend the hand of fellowship to our comrades on the march, with loving greetings for the Year, for tho our fields may be widely separated we are following one great leader who has said, "Lo I am with you alway."

To friends in northern, pine-scented forests; or beneath southern palms; or on broad prairies of the west; or verdant mountains of the east, we send our best wishes for a blessed New Year, and glorious march in the battle of life. We know that victory crowns the efforts of valiant soldiers in the cause of right, and so we press on "for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus," trusting in the fulfillment of the promise for "strength according to our day."

Thanksgiving morning came, bringing to mind our many blessings, illustrated by the myriads of snow-flakes filling the air. From the next day to the present, sleighing has been quite satisfactory.

This snow also drove the live stock from the pastures, indeed they had predicted its arrival and sought shelter about the middle of November. This wise company numbers two hundred cattle including eighty calves that were bought last June.

Fifteen horses and colts have also been purchased and commenced the task of emptying our large barns of the immense mows of hay.

Our saw-mill has been undergoing repairs, preparatory to its winter's work. A new pen-stock 16 ft. long and 6 ft. in diameter, made of steel, with connecting gates etc., has been erected, and other improvements made. The steam-boiler at the Office, which for years has faithfully performed its work, of heating the halls and rooms, suddenly collapsed and consequently a new one is in process of construction.

But while these workers have been so busy out-of-doors, equally as busy have been the active fingers within. The house-work with its necessary details, form the prominent points of each day's picture, but the many corners and empty places are filled with the work upon fancy articles manufactured, and we are now busily sewing the seed for next summer's harvest.

Let us determine to make this year, 1899, a glorious, crowning year in the history of our lives, our homes, our cause. Glorious, because filled with the radiance of the "life hid with Christ in God."

*Fideltus Esau's Book.***Narcoossee, Fla.**

Nov. 1898.

In times of depression or when competition has grown too heavy,—the cultivation of staples may cease to be remunerative and the unfortunate producer be compelled to adopt some other means of livelihood. Such a misfortune may overtake the farmers of the United States.

The western farmer who relies on his crop of wheat or corn for a living, is met with an overloaded market and to save the crop from utter ruin, he lets it go at a reduced price. It may barely pay the expenses. Such is competition the world over.

The expences in Florida to get the produce into the northern market is exorbitant. This has killed all the courage of the producer.

There is but little compared to what ought to be in the fruit and vegetable line, shipped out of the State. The R. R. are

held by two monopolists,—Flagler and Plant system. The prices are fixt to meet their demands, instead of an encouragement to the laboring people.

Some of the leading minds are now working for a change. They see that unless this one thing can be changed, Florida is doomed for another set-back in civilization. All through the state we can see people tilling the soil for a living, and the increase is small compared with the labor. For that little increase they want some compensation if they keep the wolf from the door.

As many are miles away from the market where they would be glad to dispose of their produce, they are forced to accept the mercy of the railroad Corporations. As the inhabitants are so few and their means so limited but very little can be obtained through that channel.

I understand that one of our neighbors sent a car load of melons to some northern city, and when everything was settled he realized twenty-five cents. Many acres of melons are left on the field, just for this reason.

Through the goodness of some leading minds of the State, a Bill has been brought before the Legislature and Commissioners have been appointed to correct the error. There is still a hope for the poor man in Florida.

Andrew Barrett.

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

Dec. 1898.

THE words of the Quaker poet seem in keeping with the present times wherein he says;

"Let the north wind strong
And golden leaves of Autumn, be
Thy coronal of victory,
And thy triumphal song "

Most certainly it seems that the victims of the wreck of the Portland who were destroyed by the furies of the North wind, a short time since, must need some assurance; some coronal of victory, which no doubt they received after their souls

were wafted to a more friendly port, where the furies of such fearful tempests are unknown.

While we are enjoying the winter holidays we will not forget to extend greetings over the banks of snow to our precious kindred in other homes, neither will we forget the needy who are always with us.

We are deeply interested in the account of the visit of Lafayette to Watervliet, as narrated in the December MANIFESTO which has just arrived.

Sister Genevieve gives a delightful description of her visit to the Church family, which makes us feel envious as we have no other family near us to visit.

Winter has set in uncommonly early and cold; bringing some sickness, but we trust all are convalescing.

Ada S. Cummings.

Enfield, N. H.

Dec. 1898.

"Home sweet home, God's precious gift to me
Home sweet home, my life shall honor thee."

As we look at our home, not viewing especially the lovely picturesqueness of nature's associations, but at the more precious treasure,—its inmates, we may well waft heart pæans of gratitude to God for the many blessings that are ours. For kindred, as beautiful in character as the flowers we admire, as solid in principle as the rocks of the hills about us and as constantly serving good as the stream that courses down the mountain side. Souls tested by the power of divine truth and affliction, ever self-sacrificing for the good of home's inmates, transmitting influences of pleasantness and bespeaking wisdom's works as genuine as the stars spangling the blue dome of the heaven above.

As works advertise our condition and faith, to enrich home, we must blend with the realities of to-day. Dissect, construct and adjust matters in harmony with principles that lead on to victory over sin. The mortal so working has a sacred treasure more beneficial and more worthy of

adoration than any sacred relic incarcerated in cathedral, palace or institution.

Our Thanksgiving Service was "brim full" with soul-inspiring testimonials, which with the hymns, added strength and good cheer. In the evening an hour and a half was given to an entertainment by twenty-eight home folks. A beautiful feature of the event was the numerous pictures of arisen ones of our other Communal homes, decorating wall and piano.

The last of the month we had with us, friends, Dr. G. Goding, of Christian Science school and Mr. Galen Fish, of Randolph, Vt. Mr. Fish a student of the Detroit Training School of Elocution and English Literature, gave us an excellent entertainment, rendering many dramatic and humorous recitations. As intermissions, the modern marvel Gramophone afforded pleasure.

George H. Baxter.

East Canterbury, N. H.

Jan. 1890.

God bless the survivors of 1898! May they realize a prosperous "Happy New Year" is the fervent wish which sounds through our ideal "Alpine horn," as we seek to communicate with our sister societies east, west, north and south, across the snow-clad Union. Yea, let the message of good cheer reach from New England's hill-tops and vales to the heights and levels of Kentucky. Let it wing its way to New York, thence to far Narcoossee, thus wafting a breeze of comfort to every Christian home between these distant points, and finally reaching out to the "whole, whole world" to which we ever have a duty.

The busy old year is gone—its material harvests are stored—but we have many benefits to recount as we reflect upon the past. Were we to try to number the common blessings of a day even, how futile would be the attempt!

The blessing of daily association with a large household of true friends, is not of small value. Plenty of honorable employ-

ment always at hand precludes the necessity for soliciting work which yields the "daily bread." Toiling at our several tasks by our own pleasant firesides, where are none to "molest or make afraid," is certainly an added mercy.

Greater than this is the conscious integrity of striving daily to grow in grace by the unselfish performance of duty in its varied aspects, helping the *many* rather than the *few*, thus gradually outgrowing the narrowness of innate selfishness.

Let New England, therefore, breathe the "home notes" of musical content, even though the blizzards have come and the summer warblers have flown. We love the birds, the summer breezes, and the flowers, but—listen! A chickadee is singing even while we write his name. Every syllable of his evening hymn is enunciated as clearly as a profest elocutionist could utter them. He seems to say,

Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee,
The drifting snows don't trouble me,
There's lots of fun in yonder tree,
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee
The bobolink can't rival me,

and so he seems a perfect impersonation of content. Truly, "A contented mind is a continual feast."

The storm which proved so disastrous around the coast of the Bay State reached us on the 27th ult., but no loss of life or property is recorded for this vicinity.

Asenath C. Stickney.

[Contributed by Ezra J. Stewart]

I WILL BE WHAT I WILL TO BE—
I MEAN to tread this narrow way,
Whatever may betide;
I care not what my flesh may say,
In all its lordly pride;
I will be what I will to be;
From all the chains of sense set free.

I will to be at one with God—
And that and nothing less—
In everything with full accord
I will in His ways press.
E'en tho He say the flesh must die;
At once that flesh I'll mortify.

If I am weak, what matter that?
 The Master's leal and true.
 His spirit's leadings have begat
 What can but bring me through.
 Ne'er as a coward will I flee
 The strife which sets my inmost free.
 I am determined to pursue
 The course I have begun;
 And with abounding life in view
 All down that course I'll run.
 Hinder me not, you fearful crew;
 To all that's good I will be true.—*Sel.*

[Contributed by E. B. Gillett.]

A DREAM OF VISION.

OVER two years ago I dreamed that I saw three beautiful cloudy pillars of pure white. I was so delighted I turned to call another person to see them, when I lookt again the pillars had assumed the shape of a most entrancing white city surrounded by a high wall of pure white. Overcome with delight I dropt to the floor exclaiming "O my God, I love thee."

Oft have I grieved as to the significance of the three pillars. Lately it has come clearly to me. The three pillars are significant of the three aspects presented in the true spiritual family. First, parent to child. Second, child to child. Third, child to parent. All was pure white.

—*Selected.*

A Discipline that has life.—The Catholic University of Notre Dame, at South Bend, Ind. with 1500 students is in Prohibition Territory. "Two students while on a visit to the City, became intoxicated. It came to the ears of the President who expelled them by telephone. They were not permitted to return to the College and their trunks were immediately sent to the depot."—*The New York Voice.*

THE Episcopalians bishops are at variance on the subject of Marriages and Divorces. The church tries hard to make it a divine institution, but it still remains in the hands of the civil law.

OUR EXCHANGES.

THE STUDENT'S JOURNAL is devoted to Graham's Standard Phonography. Published by Andrew J. Graham & Co., 744 Broadway, N. Y. THE STUDENT'S JOURNAL is the oldest and best phonographic Journal in America. Each number has eight pages of lithographed phonography. News of importance to phonographers, portraits, biographical sketches, and facsimiles of the reporting notes of prominent phonographers are frequently given.

ONE book firm advertises for sale, "A Shaker Bible," and the statement is quite misleading. The Shakers use the same version of the Bible as is used in all the Christian churches. The Book which some are pleased to call a Shaker Bible is largely a history of the Catholic and Protestant churches.

"KIND words are the music of the world, they have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes. It seems as if they could almost do what in reality God alone can do, soften the hard and angry hearts of men. No one has ever been converted by a sarcasm, crushed, perhaps, if the sarcasm was clever enough, but drawn nearer to God, never."

THOSE who write for "Home Notes" should not forget the order of that department, and write an essay on either religion or domestic duties. An article of 350 words will do quite well.

The above is from THE MANIFESTO of May 1896, page 119.

Benths.

Philip J. Mayer, at Ayer, Mass. Dec. 1, 1896. Age 89 years and 9 days.

Brother Philip has been an active member of the Society at Harvard for thirty-five years. He was a man of sterling integrity and we mourn the loss.

M. E. McL.

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East Canterbury, N. H.

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